

ENEMY'S KISS

by Evelyn M. Winch

SYNOPSIS: Alison Rede realizes she is hated. She knows that Daphne Gamers, who is marrying her father tomorrow, is an adventuress, and that her lover is the proprietor of the Spanish Hotel in which the Rede plan to spend their honeymoon. Daphne has even convinced Mr. Rede that Alison is "a little touched," and she has poisoned Alison's mind against the man who might be her only friend.

—Guy Lumley.

Chapter 24 BURNED LETTER

DAPHNE was at the door; Robert Rede opened it for her. Alison standing rigid, paralyzed by shock, watched them go out together and heard Daphne, in the hall, murmur "My dear, that's it! I'll speak to Doctor Mortimer for you and I know a wonderful maid."

Alison did not move but she found her knees shaking, her hands trembling, as if she had fever.

No matter what happened now, her father would never again believe her! She would be carted off, helpless, to Spain with some grim mad chosen by Daphne to support the hideous pretence that she was victim of hysteria and nerves!

She stared at the fireplace blankly, wondering if she were to run away tonight, escape, whether she would be safe. Would they chase her, catch her, bring her back, even shut her up, perhaps, in some ghastly nursing home?

The whole familiar room seemed to have grown cold and horrible, unfriendly, as she stared down into the fire.

Suddenly she stooped, caught up a scrap of torn paper.

Charred at one corner where it had been lying on the iron bars, it burned her but she did not know it. For she was staring at the words scrawled in a clean, firm, hand, out short by the diagonal tearing of the sheet.

"—if you know, Alison—" and below—"—et no answe—" with at the bottom the bold signature "Guy Lu—" ending in burned dark brown edges.

A letter to herself from Guy! She had a swift vision of Daphne standing by the oak chest in the hall. So that was what she had been doing there! That was why she had stood with skirts outspread before the fire!

A red blaze of anger swallowed Alison's fear. She dropped on her knees on the hearthrug, gathering up all the charred bits she could find—no more than half a dozen little pieces and two of those at most burnt!

She heard the front door shut, as she stood up. Her father was at the door when Alison pushed past him, both hands guarding those small fragments of a letter. She heard him call after her and paid no heed as she fled up the stairs, gained her own room and locked the door.

THEY would not fit.

Here a word, there a tiny bit of a sentence clear, tantalizing her by hinting at the uncompleted meaning.

She had pushed aside her brushes and little pots, had spread the burned paper out on the glass top of her table, trying each bit to each as one tries to fit a jigsaw puzzle, but they would not make sense.

Guy had written to her; had left the letter, probably, since he had not had time to reach her by post; that was all that she knew when she sat back at last, baffled. Twice during that long session, she had heard her father's knock and had listened to him pleading with her to open the door. She had answered carefully, reasonably, sanely. "I don't want to talk just now. I'm going to bed. Please leave me alone."

She had heard him go back at last to his own rooms and now, looking out, she could see that his light was off.

Half past two; too late to steal down and ring up Guy. By morning Daphne might have the doctor waiting, have engaged a maid to spy on her, she might be a prisoner!

She opened her evening bag and counted out her small store of change; nine shillings in cash. But she had jewelry, enough perhaps to keep her until she found work. Best to go at once, tonight, to a hotel where her luggage would insure her having time to sell what she possessed.

Her own suitcase was upstairs, stored in the attic; she dared not get it, since that would mean tipping the servant's stairs. She found an old round hatbox which she had used to keep some private, treasured school mementos.

She put these on the shelf and filled the hatbox up. She changed quickly into the grey suit, added a grey felt hat and little marten fur, her stoutest pair of gloves and thick, dark shoes. Yet it was already past three when she unlocked the door quietly and stole very softly down the thick maroon carpet of the passage to the stairs.

What a noise each step seemed to make at night! She did not dare to turn a light on but found the front door and felt for the chain. The latch gave under her hand and a rush of cold air nipped her as she got the door open. The square looked dark and unfamiliar at this hour, with nothing moving and the lamps dim in a rising fog.

Victoria—St. Pancras? She had so little money that she chose Victoria although it was near, almost too near for safety. The hatbox weighed heavily on her arm and she was afraid that some policeman, noticing her, might stop her to ask what she was doing at that hour, carrying a bag.

She went into the station; it was empty but there was a waiting room with many people sitting, half asleep, along its shiny benches. She chose to wait in the third, as being less likely to contain anyone she knew. It was half an hour before the whistle of a train arriving released her from an uncomfortable vigil between a fat old man and a brightly painted, all-too-friendly Frenchwoman.

Bag in hand, Alison made her way towards the incoming train, mingling with its passengers, and with them she went into the hotel.

"A single room, please; a cheap one." The clerk behind the booking-desk barely looked up; young women with hand luggage are not uncommon in a railway hotel at night. "Number 317," he said briskly. "That'll do."

Ten minutes later, Alison lay curled up in a strange bed, trying to realize that she had run away from home.

DUNDAS; the telephone book gave her the number and street; but when she found it, she got a slight shock. Such a squalid, winding little back street, with ragged, white-faced children playing on the pavements, uncleared of refuse from the day before!

Even her old grey suit seemed too smart for this street, an insult to the dragged women who stood eyeing her in doorways. She felt almost glad when she reached the end door with the red sign above it and Surgery written in white.

Once there, she had imagined she would see Guy at once; but the door stood open and the room inside, bare but for wooden benches round the walls, was crowded. There was no sitting space left, and the people who were standing looked as though they had been waiting for some time.

A bare grey room, full of people whose poverty was real and who took it as part of the day's work. Alison, who had never seen these things, remembered Guy sitting in the little restaurant in Soho and saying, "They don't want any fairy godmother stuff. They want understanding, sympathy. And that means experience."

She had thought him brutally frank then but now she saw that he was right. What had she got to give to these tired or busy people? She felt rather humble as she chose a far corner, well behind the crowd, to stand and wait.

She was so intent on the crowd that she did not hear the door open. "Come again on Friday. Who's next?"

She looked up and met his eyes. He was across the room in three strides.

"You! Down here! You got my letter?"

"I want to talk to you about it. But I can wait." She indicated the roomful who were watching the two of them with interest and sundry half-hidden winks.

"Come in and wait in the back room," he suggested.

"No, thanks, I'd rather stay here."

That was fine; he vanished again accompanied by his next patient. But she was very nervous before the last of the patients had gone in and out again, before twelve o'clock struck and her own turn came.

"Have you a car outside?" He was standing by a desk, very businesslike in a white overall and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

"No." She laughed a little shakily. "I haven't even got my fare back to Victoria."

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Guy confesses his fear for Alison, Monday.

COOKING SCHOOL WARD'S FEATURE

A cooking and canning school will be conducted at Montgomery Ward from Wednesday through Saturday with classes each day at 2 p. m., which will be open to the public, according to H. L. Brown, store manager.

Instruction in the preparation of all types of food with special attention given to the use of the pressure cooker, will be given by a demonstrator. Local women's clubs and organizations have been invited to attend in groups.

"The importance which is attached to this school," said Mr. Brown, "may be easily appreciated when it is realized that more than 2,000,000 pressure cookers are in use in this country and that the United States department of agriculture recommends them as the only safe method for canning all non-acid vegetables, meats, fruits and fish. With the great number of these cookers in the homes, Ward's feels that expert instructions should be given the public so that they may obtain the best results."

The reason the department of agriculture endorses the use of pressure cookers, according to Mr. Brown, is because high temperature and steam under pressure effectively kills disease breeding germs. All commercially canned foods are canned under pressure.

Be correctly coached in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

LOGANBERRY PRICE NOTED PHYSICIAN

SALEM, June 24. — (AP) — Three cents a pound to the grower was the minimum price set for all loganberries sold in Oregon under the Oregon Loganberry growers' code, and announced by members of the control board here.

The board said the price would apply at the customary place of delivery for the grower. A deduction of 75 cents a ton by the canner or processor was authorized, the funds received to be used as operating expenses for the board.

The price is effective on all growers, irrespective of whether or not they have assented to the code. William J. Linford, counsel for the control board, stated.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

NOTED PHYSICIAN COMING THURSDAY

Dr. W. P. Shepard, nationally known physician, will be the main speaker at a forum luncheon to be held at the Hotel Medford on Thursday noon, June 27th, it was announced by Chamber of Commerce officials today. The luncheon will be sponsored by the Jackson County Health association, Jackson County Medical association, and the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce.

Dr. Shepard, whose home is in San Francisco, has held many national and regional offices in connection with the American Public Health association and is a recognized authority on matters of public health. His subject will be "Why Public Health." The toastmaster for the occasion will be Dr. James C. Hayes, who urges that everyone obtain reservations immediately at the Chamber of Commerce in order to hear the interesting address of Dr. Shepard.



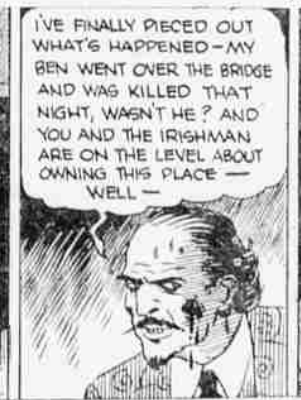
S-MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeets Has an Idea!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—At the Ranch



THE NEBBES—Advice



THE BUNGLE FAMILY—Losses



DRY WILLAMETTE USES IRRIGATION

ALBANY, Ore., June 24. (AP)—Linn county farmers in large numbers are moving to take the "dryness" out of farming by installing irrigation systems.

County Agent Floyd Mullen today said approximately 40 irrigation plants have been installed the last two weeks with still more planned.

Practically all the new plants include centrifugal pumps, Mullen said, and the motive power most popular is electricity wherever it is available.

Wells and streams are the water sources. In about equal proportions farmers are about equally divided in favor of overhead sprinkling and gravity flood systems.

Spring planting was so delayed and precipitation during May and June has been so slight that crop conditions have become alarming and irrigation has become imperative, Mullen said.

He predicted most crops now sown can be at least partially saved if brought immediately under irrigation.

More than 100 irrigation plants have been installed in Linn county the last year.

A Missing Fisher

ASTORIA, Ore., June 24.—(AP)—Fishing of the abandoned creel belonging to Charles Karalonia, 34, had given rise today to fears the veteran Astoria fisherman had fallen overboard and drowned.

Wild Youths Hunted

PORTLAND, Ore., June 24.—(AP)—Deputy Sheriff McFarlane reported last night that a gang of youths had wounded William Smith, 60, of Tacoma, and pursued two of his companions on the railroad tracks near Portland.

ON TIME



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By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

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